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MUSIC - UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Rheinberger, Josef
[Arme Heinrich. Vocal score.
English]
Poor Henry

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POOR HENRY

Comic Opera

for Children

BY

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Translated & Adapted by

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Ent. Sta. Hall.

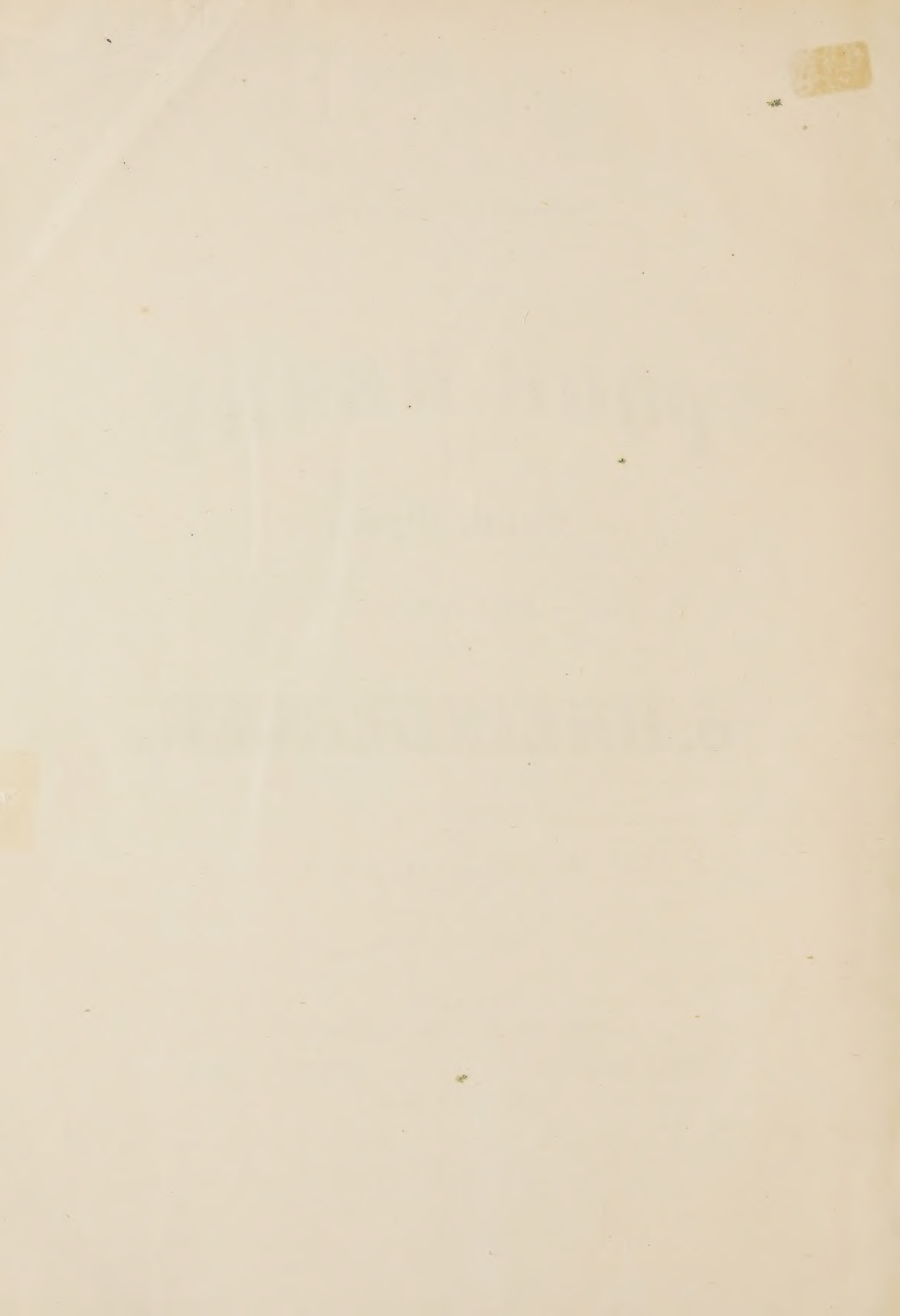
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"POOR HENRY."

Singing Characters.

SWITCHEM, a Schoolmaster.
MARGARET, his Wife.
BERTIE, their Son.
HENRY, an Orphan.
DUNDERHEAD, a Constable and Beadle.
MRS. MAKEBATE, a Neighbour.
Chorus of School Children.

Speaking Characters.

MARY, } Switchem's Children.
FLORIE, }
THE COUNT.
GEORGE, his Servant.
THE BAILIFF.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The interior of the School-room. Children standing round, SWITCHEM the Schoolmaster, before a Music Stand, conducting.

(No. 1.)

Hail his noble lordship, hail!
Homeward he from far sets sail,
All his friends delighting;
Welcome thoughts surround his name,
Welcome songs our tongues proclaim,
Heart and voice uniting.

Switchem (stops the Chorus).

You mustn't yell the "Hail!" like that,
'Tis like a scream from scalded cat.
The song's a song of joy, not pain;
We'll start now from the pause again.

(Chorus, very softly and slowly).

Welcome thoughts surround his name,
Welcome songs—

Switchem (stops them again). That's very tame,
And not at all what I require;
More spirit, briskness, courage, fire.

(Sings.)

Welcome thoughts surround his name,

(Chorus, very fast.)

Welcome thoughts surround his name,
Welcome songs our tongues proclaim,
Heart and voice uniting.

Switchem (strikes the Desk).

Stop, stop, don't gallop so—stop, stop!
The trebles must not shriek the top;
Just watch the stick and mark the beat,
Now from the first the whole repeat.

(Repeat the Music.)

There, there! I think that's very fair;
Of all the marks and signs take care,
When we are singing at the fête.
Now go get ready, don't be late.

(The Scholars depart, with much hooting.)

Switchem (alone).

To hear the rout as they go out,
One would suppose, without a doubt,
My task was but an endless bout,
To teach the young idea to shout.
Although my life is toil and work,
To form and conquer each young Turk,
It has its pleasures, such as this,
For really this is not amiss;

(Looking at his Music.)

Although I say it, there's a part,
Effective, striking, good and smart,
Not strained or modern, it is true,
But still I think it well will do.
The idea's sure the Count to please,
And not with tediousness to tease.
I'm told his lordship's good and kind,
A noble heart and noble mind.
Some years have past since here he's been,
And I his face have never seen.
They say to grief he's quite a martyr,
I hope he'll like my new cantata.
Now let me see that all's set right,
And nought forgot, or out of sight.
I trust no fault the piece will tear,
That none their very best will spare,
And sing it so that every one
Will be delighted when we've done.

SCENE II.

MARY and FLORIE with large Bouquets, then HENRY.

Mary. How sweet are these blossoms, how
lovely and fair,
In hue and in odour so rich and so rare;
The dew-drop which on each bright petal
appears,
Are signs of sad mem'ries dissolving in
tears,
Bemoaning the beauty which lasts but a day,
Lamenting the life preordained to decay.

Florie. Why so dull o'er fading beauties?
Know, they but fulfil their duties.
I think I have the prettier flowers.

Mary. Your's have been culled from gayer
bowers,
And bolder look; my buds are rarer.

Florie. Look at my roses, none are fairer.

Mary. My dear, your bunch was tied in haste,
And your display shows want of taste.

Henry (entering).

What mean these poutings—what's astir?

Florie. It isn't me, I'm sure; 'tis her.
Of Henry let us ask the test.

Henry. You think your bouquet far the best;
All things have two sides: each is fair.

Mary. A wise reply ; now, Florie, there !

Henry. Come, let us sing, for squabbling's wrong.

Florie. Oh, yes, dear boy, the mouse's song.

Henry. Singing is a rare, sweet treasure ;
Mother's out—she hates our pleasure.
Now, mind you chant the chorus neatly,
When I sing of the mouse who was trapped
completely.

(No. 2.)

Once there was a mousy
Wand'ring at his ease,
Saw a little housy
In which hung some cheese ;
Mousy smelt the tempting bait,
Sweet and rich and nice,
And for joy no more did wait :
Popped in in a trice.

(All three) And for joy, &c.

Hardly had the mousy
Time to taste the cheese,
When up closed the housy,
Making his blood freeze.
Close confined, he bit and tore
With his little might,
{ Till his teeth a hole did bore
} Through the prison tight.
And the little mousy,
Clever little boy,
From the little housy
Crept out full of joy,
From which comes the proverb sage,
They who dangers scout,
{ Like the mousy in the cage,
} Bite themselves well out.

SCENE III.

MARGARET and BERTIE enter. BERTIE has a Roll,
from which he is learning by heart as he walks up
and down the Room.

Marg. (pointing to Henry).

There he is, the worst of lazy boys,
Making nought but horrid useless noise.
I wonder if you think, with all your singing,
You'll come to aught, or aught to home be
bringing?

Henry. Mother, I am ready to be working,
If there is aught for me to set about.

Marg. Anything to gaze at, duty shirking,
Is what you mean, you lazy lout.
Go earn the shoes you wear, the bread you
eat.

Henry. Why are you angry?

Marg. Go to the street,
And find some work, you idle scamp.

Henry. Tell me but what.

Marg. No matter, tramp.
'Tis shameful ; he with idleness is sped,
And never cares to use or hands or head.
There's Bertie, far his junior, yet, in sooth,
Though only eight, has cut his wisdom tooth.
It's really beautiful to see him learn,
And he his holiday will richly earn.

Bertie. Mother, now I think that I can say
My verses ; will you hear me?

Marg. Well-a-day,
Just look at that ! Well, now, my dear,
Think me the Count, the gate this chair.
The boy's a jewel, never fear.

Bertie (reciting with false accentuation, and in a
quick, hurried style).

Just like the ruddy sun
Which rises in the East,
Begins his daily run
To shine on man and beast,
So you appear to bright-
En up this village home,
And we sit up all night
To give you glad welcome.
Therefore upon the gate
The flow'ry wreaths appear,
And we in humble state
These verses make you hear.
May sounds of joy
Ne'er you annoy.
O honoured count,
Pray of your bount-
Y let me bear
With all due care,
And at your feet
Lay duly meet
The wishes hearty
Of all the party
Who now as temeritor
Desiring prosperitor
To you and every heritor
Of your family tree ;
May all caressing
And every blessing
Surround without cessing
My honourable family.

Marg. Your honourable family, you mean,
Not *my*, I'm sure ; that would be wrong.

Bertie. All right, I know.

Marg. 'Twill soon be seen,
When once his lordship hears the song,
And sees the little poet.

Henry. Perhaps in haste
He'll ride along ; I hope he'll note
The wreaths and flowers, the flags that float.

Marg. It seems to me your words are mocks ;
For once, my boy, I'll stop your wit :
You'll stay at home, and bars and locks
Shall keep you——

Henry. I don't mind a bit.

Marg. Your evil temper makes your face
Both wild and vicious.

Henry. In the place
I am content to stay.

Marg. You wretch ;
The last word you will have, eh ? I'll fetch
You such a cuff if you come near ;
Wait till I get you by the ear.

(Chases HENRY, who escapes, and runs into the arms of
SWITCHER, who enters.)

SCENE IV.

Switchem. Now what has happened—what's the rout?

Why do you chase the boy about?

Marg. Once more he may be glad you came
In time to save him. What's the blame?
He is a saucy boy—a disgrace;
He mocked poor Bertie to my face.

Switchem. Scarce fault enough to merit blows.

Marg. But that's not all. You may suppose,
His tongue scorns all things small and great?
He mocks the Count, laughs at the fête,
As though he were a princely lord,
To whom our joys but fun afford.
Come, get you gone, be off, decamp,
You idle, good-for-nothing scamp.

Switchem. Come, wife, be calm, your anger suage;
He's very young, he'll mend with age.

Marg. That may be true, but still you know
You always screen him from the blow.

Switchem. Yes, I protect him, since a child
I found him in the heather wild,

Marg. And gave him shelter, clothes and bread,
Since which time all peace has fled.

Switchem. Poor lad, forsaken by each friend,
Our task shall be you to defend.

Marg. That's very well, the child we've guarded,
And scant thanks have our pains rewarded.

Henry. O mother, could I show you how——

Switchem. Soft bend, nor twist the tender bough;
What matters if green leaves abound,
So long as the root is fresh and sound.

Marg. That's very well, mark what I say,
He'll turn and rend you one fine day.
Now, Bertie, dear, come up with me,
We'll dress ourselves the fête to see.

(*Exeunt MARGARET, BERTIE laughing; the Girls follow.*)

SCENE V.

SWICHEM, HENRY.

Switchem. Get ready, boy, nor mind the jeering
laugh.

Henry. Father, give me a knapsack and a staff,
That I may work, come woe, come danger,
To her I e'er shall be a stranger.

Henry. (No. 3. ARIA.)

I must leave you, seeking yonder
All the love to me denied;
Through the wide world let me wander,
Finding peace for which I've sighed.
O'er the far off purple mountains
I may seek my home once more,
Where the trees and flowers and fountains
Love and peace and hope restore.

My poor heart with sorrow weighted,
Longing yearns that home to find.
Let me go! for me 'tis fated,
Never rest, or peace of mind.
Let me go, for on the morrow
All my griefs renewed will start;
Pardon, father dear, my sorrow
Swells and breaks my laden heart.

Switchem. How can you your food provide,
Wandering this cruel world so wide?

Henry. If I'd the fiddle, who can tell?
I think I should do very well.

Switchem. The fiddle's not a loaf of bread,
Or ought that may be used instead.
No, Henry, no, you must not go,
You're far too young to travel so;
Besides, you know I'm truly burning
To see you get on with your learning.

Henry. From door to door, to help my need,
The music's voice for me will plead;
I shall do well, my heart would rove
Free as the bird in heav'n above.

Switchem. A vagabond life at the best, my boy;
Rest longer here, your time employ
In learning—you are still quite young.
What, if my good wife has a tongue?
E'en I at times do feel its stings
Without good cause, my brain oft rings
With her shrewd clatter, oft abuse;
She means well, that's her best excuse.
Give up the thought; at any rate
Prepare with me to see the fête,
Its fun and glee and rare delights,
Come share the cheerful sounds and sights.

Henry. Dear father, let me here remain,
The fiddle's voice will soothe my pain.
Go you and join the festal throng,
I have no heart for mirth and song.

Switchem. Well, here's the fiddle; be at rest,
Let no sad thoughts disturb your breast,
And in the garden by the rill
Go show the little birds your skill.

(*Exit HENRY, playing a soft, melancholy melody (No. 8), which grows fainter and fainter until it ceases.*)

Switchem. He is indeed a curious child;
His mother, perhaps a gipsy wild.
In narrow house he's ne'er at home,
He loves in open air to roam;
In solitude he takes delight,
The sadness of the gloomy night
Most welcome is to his strange soul.
Listen how wild and sweet the roll
His cadences make on the ear;
Why starts unbid the silent tear?
I love the boy, and he loves me,
Although he's wayward, daring, free;
Would Bertie could but show in part
His tender, loving, truthful heart.

(*Violin ceases.*)

SCENE VI.

(*When SWICHEM finishes speaking, BERTIE enters dancing, dressed up ridiculously.*)

(No. 4.)

Bertie. Am I not a pretty boy,
Daddy's pet and mammy's joy,
Straight as dart and round as pippin,
Sweet as sugar, fat as drippin';
Chatty as a paroquet,
Am I not a pretty pet?

Switchem. Vain as any marmoset.

Bertie. Dress'd so neat, so spick and span,
Like a little gentleman,
I can talk like book so learned,
Rhymes and verse I've nicely turned;
Head and hands I know to use,
I'm a duck so neat and spruce.

Switchem. Yes, you are a duck or goose.

Bertie. And my mother's shrill tones soften,
When she calls me sugar-cane.

Switchem. Cane, without the sugar, often
Might his self-conceit restrain.

(*Speaking.*)

Tell me, now, you little pet,
Do you know your poem yet?

Bertie. Yes, if nicely you will ask,
I will say to you my task.

Switchem. Well, then, my genius, start away,
Commence the lyric, epic, lay.

Bertie. Just like the ready sun,
Which rises in the East,
Begins his daily run
To welcome you, you beast.

(*Runs off.*)

Switchem. "You beast," quoth he. How droll!
His brain may likened be to sieves;
Nothing keeps in his stupid poll,
And yet his mother him believes
To be a genius, time will show
Which power the greater, most will grow.

SCENE VII.

SWITCHEM, the NEIGHBOUR, and then MARGARET.

(No. 5. TERZETTO.)

Neigh. Think, good master, what's been done,
Out of breath the way I've run.

Switchem. Gracious! is your husband dead?

Neigh. Oh! my grief will turn my head.

Switchem. Have your children smashed their bones,
Or the house blown down, a heap of stones?

Neigh. Dear me, I can't think it true.

Switchem (aside). Pale her face, of ghastly hue.

Enter MARGARET.

Marg. What's this noise, why this cry,
Tell me, tell me, quick reply?

Neigh. I want vengeance, vengeance burning,
Vengeance on the murder'ous hand.

Switchem. For why are you this way turning?

Neigh. That revenge you may command.
Your boy Henry, that wicked monster,
Has—oh, deed without a likeness—
Kill'd and murder'd.

Switchem & Marg. Kill'd and murdered?

Neigh. Give your word the rogue to punish.

Switchem & Marg. We agree the rogue to punish.

Neigh. Know, then, that my dear old tabby,
Gentle, playful as a babby,
Has been slain in manner shabby.

Switchem. So you come with face so flabby,
Bursting like with rage to choke;
Take my word, 'tis all a joke.

Neigh. & Marg. All a joke.

Switchem. Laughing will my sides be splitten.

Neigh. Ah! he was so good and pleasing,
Friendly, playful, used his jaws,
Saucy children left their teasing,
When they felt his gentle claws.

Neigh. & Marg. Yes, yes, vengeance, for vengeance I'm
thirsting,

Vengeance, justice on him I am bent.

Switchem. Ha! with laughter I'm bursting,
As with anger and rage they are spent.

Marg. Now you see, as it appears,
The sort of fruit your pet tree bears.

Neigh. For such a cruel, wicked action,
I must at least have satisfaction.

Marg. The boy shall leave the house to-day,
Nor moment more than needful stay.

Switchem. You might make less ado, at least;
How much will pay you for the beast?

Neigh. Gold won't restore him.

Marg. Poor dear cat;
The boy shall leave the house, that's flat.

Switchem. How was it done? You do not
mention;

The boy'd, I'm sure, no bad intention.

Marg. No matter how 'twas done; we part,
It shows a cruel, wicked heart.

Switchem. Suppose by accident he died?

Marg. Look, there he is the hedge beside.

Switchem (calls him).

Henry, my lad, just step this way.

Enter HENRY.

Henry. Yes, father.

Marg. (to Neighbour). Off he packs this day.

Switchem. Why did you kill the pussy cat?

Henry (pointing to Neighbour).

Oh, father, ask, she'll tell you that.

Switchem. Did you of wanton malice slay it?

Henry. Father, to you the truth I'll say it,
But her it can't the least concern.

Neigh. In spite he did this evil turn.

Henry. Knowing so well, why question me?

Marg. Enough, he has confessed, you see;
You find I'd judged the wretch correctly.
Pack up your things and leave directly.

Switchem. Wife, mother!

Marg. (peremptorily). Quick, come, out you go.

Henry. You'd scarcely need repeat your cry,
I'm glad to go. Father, good-bye.
God bless you all, perhaps again
We ne'er may meet. (*Exit.*)

Switchem (runs after him). Henry, remain.

Marg., who, with the Neighbour, keep Switchem back.

Let him go, 'tis my belief
You'd pray the rogue return. In brief
Would ask him kindly to postpone
His hurried flight, and you'd atone
For all the treatment he's received.
Are these your thanks to me, I ask,
For ending thus a hopeless task?
He's not the first young man been hurled,
Alone to battle with the world.

Switchem (aside). If I recall him to the door,
She will not love him aught the more;
Besides, his spirit, proud and high,
Is better free alone to fly.
My heart is sore, and sad bereft,
Without one parting word he's left.
Heav'n grant a happier time, when he
And I may meet and peaceful be.

(*Walks up and down pensively.*)

Marg. I trust the punishment and blame
Has satisfied your vengeful aim.

Neigh. My gratitude I scarce can say.

Marg. See, my dear children, come this way.

Enter MARY and FLORIE, with their Bouquets.

Are they not handsome from shoe to tie.

Neigh. That can be seen with half an eye ;
So well behaved, no beauty wanting,
Dear Bertie's smile is most enchanting.

Bertie. Mother, make Florie, quiet, do,
She's pinching me all black and blue.

Marg. Fie, Florie—leave off, cease to tease.

Florie. Why does he pull my flowers, please ?

Marg. (to Neigh.).

You may depend one's not mistaken
In bringing children up quite strictly ;
It pays for all the trouble taken.

Mary & Florie.

He's sticking us with something prickly.

Marg. Give me the needle, Bertie, dear.

(Takes it from him.)

A serious word excites his fear.
One must perceive 'twas meant in fun.

Bertie. Mother, what has Henry done ?

Marg. He's gone ; the Bogie's got him tight.

Bertie. What's Bogie like ?

Marg. A great red beak, all black and green,
And naughty boys, with great sharp teeth,
He eats them up, no more they're seen.

Bertie. How can you, mother ? what a crack !

Marg. Indeed, it's true.

*Enter DUNDERHEAD, in a green and black uniform,
large hat, sword, red nose. The Children run away,
saying :*

Children. The Bogie black !

(No. 6. QUARTETT.)

Dun. Schoolmaster, schoolmaster.

Switchem. What is it ? speak faster.

Dun. Pray send relief,
They're all come to grief.

Switchem. Who are they who have all come to trouble ?

Dun. The coach has broke down, and the Count is
bent double.
Call you that nothing ?

Switchem. Certainly, pain and grief has come to me.

Marg. Joy now withers

Dun. All to smithers.

Neigh. Dreadful disaster !

Dun. Poor dear master !

Marg. Where did't shiver ?

Dun. By the river.

Switchem. And the festival, you know ?

Dun. Might have begun in woe.

QUARTETT.

O tidings, dismaying and frightful,
The fates are for ever so spiteful,
And if in this fearful disaster
He'd fall'n, we no more should had master.
How fast do misfortunes crowd apace,
But, thank heav'n, we shall see his face.

Dun. Right it is all turns out,
The Count is safe, without a doubt ;
If't had been wrong, each could discern
The fête to mournful end would turn.

Switchem. I hope you sent a fresh conveyance
To fetch him.

Dun. Yes, thoughts in abeyance
Now crowd my mind, my brain's in throes ;
I know I've something to disclose.

Switchem. Something of consequence, I'll swear.

Dun. Yes.

Switchem. Pressing, urgent, have a care.

Dun. True ; there's danger in delay.

Switchem. Must it be done this very day ?

Dun. It must, and yet I can't recall
Aught about the work at all.

Marg. It can't be much import.

Switchem. I'll go
And see the bailiff, perhaps he'll know.
(Exit.)

*(MARGARET takes affectionate leave of the NEIGHBOUR,
and exit.)*

Dun. (to himself).

I'm worried, wearied, worn to death,
Now here, now there, scarce time for breath,
I'm sought for, and in turn I seek,
And all for eighteen bob a week ;
One half of all I've undertook
Is quite forgot ; where is my book ?
(Is going.)

*(The NEIGHBOUR, having watched MARGARET out of
sight, comes forward and keeps DUNDERHEAD back.)*

(No. 7. DUETT.)

(Exeunt.)

Neigh. Beadle, let me claim assistance,

Dun. Now good cousin what's the row ;

Neigh. My poor cat without resistance,
Henry murdered even now.

Dun. Your poor pussy, how alarming,
Famous mouser ? playful, charming ?
(Takes out his pocket book and writes.)
Tom cat killed, of rare good breeding,
When was't ?

Neigh. Just now.

Dun. (writing) Rare good breeding,
Just now. Where was't ?

Neigh. By the gate.

Dun. (writing) Breeding, just now, by the gate ;
(To the Neighbours.)

Was the cat a tabby gray,

Neigh. Truly, truly,

Dun. (writing) Tabby gray ;
Name the miscreant, name the rascal ?

Neigh. Henry,

Dun. What else ?

Neigh. I can't say.

Dun. He is sure to be a rascal,
Having neither home nor name ;
But I'll find him never never fear me,
Him I'll seize if he comes near me ;
And I'll check his little game,
I'm the majesty of law.

Neigh. Beadle strong, the boy of sin,
Follow, follow, run him in. *(Exeunt.)*

ACT II.

An open space before the Castle, which is supposed to be on the right. Triumphal Arch, with Flags, Festoons, &c.

SCENE I.

SWITCHEM and MARGARET, *talking*.

Switchem. Just think how wicked ways are crost :
The boy yet lives, in childhood lost.
They're on his track, and soon will find,
Our Henry had a noble mind.

Marg. Our Henry noble? pray what next?
Be quiet, or you'll make one vex.

Switchem. It may turn out as I suppose.

Marg. (laughing).

You make the tears run down my nose.

Switchem. Just hear the story, hear the tale.
Within a gloomy, lonely vale,
Our Count's young brother lived secure.
One night, when all seemed safe and sure,
A gang of gipsies, wild and savage,
Swooped on the house, to rob and ravage.
The Count was killed, his loving wife
By treach'ry was deprived of life.
Their faithful servant knows it all,
I cannot now his name recall ;

(Thinking) Yes, George it was, the danger braved,
And by a miracle was saved.

The Count's young son, then five years old
Was stol'n, and perhaps to slav'ry sold.
At all events, some years have past,
And now a clue's obtained at last
Where he is living, safe and sound.
The tale agrees with all the pains
Poor Henry's mem'ry yet retains
Of robbers, flames, and fearful cries,
And now behold the glad surprise
Our Henry, gentle, clever, fair,
May prove to be the noble's heir.

Marg. Your brain's received a violent shock ;
He never came of noble stock.

Switchem. The bailiff whom I met just now
Told me this truth I now avow ;
He bade me bring the boy in haste
Here to the fête, no time to waste.
His friends can tell the child they stole,
By some peculiar mark or mole.
Alas ! I had to tell him straight
He had been driven from our gate.
Oh, had he ne'er been made to flee,
Good fortune to our house might be.
If I but knew which way to go,
I'd seek for him both high and low.
I have sent kindly neighbours out,
To gather tidings round about ;
But all is hopeless, for to-day
I cannot lead them, but must stay,
The festal music to direct,
Yet still I can't success expect,
With such a burden on my mind ;
I hope they soon will Henry find.

Marg. The past is past, no use to strive
To mend it ; see, the folks arrive,
Our chicks in front, oh, best of pleasures,
Bearing wreaths and flow'ry treasures.

Enter the Villagers, headed by MARY, FLORIE, and BERTIE, bearing Wreaths, Flowers, &c.

Switchem (with an important air).

Children, range yourselves in order,
Girls form centre, boys a border ;
And when the Count appears, together
Give three cheers, with lungs of leather ;
Smallest ones stand in front rank,
Thus you form a flowery bank.
Hold your bouquets lower, flatter,
Silence ! silence ! do not chatter.
Pay good heed to all I say,
Do not push, more round that way.
You've all got copies, come, don't crowd,
Don't sing too soft, nor yet too loud.

Marg. Now, Bertie, dear, here take your stand,
With three nice bows, stretch forth your hand,
Speak out quite bold, with right goodwill,
His lordship will commend your skill.

(Post-horn heard outside.)

Switchem. Order, now the Count approaches,
Plain I hear the noise of coaches.
Behave well, mind your notes, their bearing,
Nor gape about, with eyes full staring.

(Crosses left.)

Marg. (to Bertie). Keep still do, don't fidget so.

Bertie. My poem I no longer know.

SCENE II.

Enter the COUNT, the BAILIFF, GEORGE, and a Servant
All cry "Hurrah !"

Switchem. Your worship, we've assembled here
To welcome you, our mighty Peer,
Our humble efforts pardon pray
For all their best have done to-day.
My little son, if you're disposed,
Will speak a poem he's composed.
Its lines may rough and rude appear,
Yet deign to lend your lordly ear.
The motive's good. Now, Bertie, please,
Step forward and recite at ease.

Bertie (greatly embarrassed).

Just like the suddy run—no ;
Just like the ruddy sun,
Which yeastes in the rise—no ;
Which rises in the East,
So you come to our eyes,
To shine like any beast,
So you appear, and we
Sit up all night to see,
The flow'ry wreaths appear
Upon the sands you hear,
And we come—I come—all come—
Giving you a welcome,
And like the ruddy sun—
Begins his daily run—
His daily—daily run—
Just like the ruddy sun—
His run—his daily run.

Neigh. (aside).

He begins with a run, with a run on he goes,
Runs down with a run, and near falls on his
nose.

Count. Thank you, your verse will bring you
fame.

Tell me this clever scholar's name.

Switchem. His name is Bertie; he's my son.

Count. Well, Bertie, you've good gifts, 'tis true.

Switchem. One third the verse had only run;
May't please you hear the poem through?

Count. Don't trouble him, I'll spare the end,
The rest will gentle fancy lend.

MARY and FLORIE hand their Bouquets, saying:

Together. Please accept these flowers sweet,
Hues and scents combining;
Happiness and glory meet,
Ever on you shining.

Count. Thank you kindly, children, thank you
from my heart,
Thank you, good schoolmaster, for your
friendly part.

(Gives the Bouquets to his Servant.)

Your good intent delights me quite.
You've all the village here in sight.

Switchem. Yes, your worship, all the load,
Now we'll sing our festal ode,
In which our feeling's fully shown,
Words and music all mine own.

Count. Begin, then. *(To the Bailiff)* Is there
more in store?

Bailiff. They've done their best, could do no
more.

Count. Where is the boy whose steps we trace?

Bailiff. My lord, they've driven him from the
place.

A sad mishap, when all seemed sound;
He's run away, and can't be found.
Our scouts return or, failing, halt;
For all our pains, we're now at fault.

*(Continues to talk quietly to the COUNT, while SWITCHEM
(arranges the Choir, and gives the signal to begin.)*

CHORUS No. 1.

Hail! his noble lordship hail! &c.

*(The Singing is suddenly interrupted; noise is heard. All
look to the left.)*

Switchem. Will you pay attention? singing needs
improving;
Careless little monkies, what makes you all
keep moving?

Children. Henry is arrested; look! oh, look!
dear master.

Bailiff. Bring him this way, Beadle; can't you
come here faster?

SCENE III.

*(BEADLE brings HENRY handcuffed, his Fiddle slung on
his back.)*

Switchem. Gracious! what's the matter, Henry,
boy—what's this?

Dun. Cease your idle clatter, this is what's
amiss.

O yes! O yes! O yes!
From information I've received,
Although 'twould scarcely be believed,
This lad's got in a mess,
For he with might and main
A Thomas cat has slain;
An infamous proceeding,
A tabby of good breeding;
Beside the garden fence,
In black malice prepense.
Alas! alack a day!
He's kill'd the tabby gray
Against the peace and ord-
Er of our sovereign lord,
For which he's much to blame;
Besides, he has no name.
For this, his greatest crime,
I caught him just in time.
To expiate his sin,
I now will run him in;
Besides, he won't confess,
O yes! O yes! O yes!

Count (to Henry). What is your name? *(To
Beadle)* Stand back a while.

Henry. Henry, my lord.

Count. Your other style.

Henry. Ask Dunderhead; he thinks he knows
All about most things, I suppose.

Count. The harmless cat why did you slay?

Henry. 'Twas accident. I sought to stay
His thievish claws from tearing down
A little nest, with birdies brown;
His tigrish neck I held too well,
For when released, he gasped and fell.

Count. Set free his hands, no more delay.
Is this your fiddle? can you play?

Henry. Not much, my lord; I oft play wrong.

Count. Well, let me hear your voice in song.

*(HENRY sings the same Melody as at the end of SCENE V.
ACT I.)*

No. 8.

In all the world so weary,
As far as eye can see,
Through clouds and darkness dreary,
I know not where to flee.
From where buds sweet are blowing,
Where sunshine gilds the sky,
To where the stars are glowing,
Lonely am I.

The stream from mountain swelling,
Flows laughing to the main.
I know no home, no dwelling,
Where rest will ease my pain.
The birds in flocks so gladly,
Fly happily on high,
I wander, wander sadly,
Lonely am I.

George, the Valet (joyfully to the Count).

My lord, this is the boy, I'm sure ;
No longer need our search endure.
He sings his dear lost mother's lay,
Which I've not heard for many a day.

Count. Would it were so ; come near, my lad.
Your voice is good, your music sad.
Come nearer, give your hand as well.
Where is your home ?

Henry. I cannot tell.

Switchem. He is a lonely orphan child.
I found him on the heather wild,
By gipsies he was left behind
While yet he slept. I well do mind
I brought him home, reared him with care,
With loving heart no pains did spare,
Until to-day he left my home,
To please my wife, afar to roam.
Sad sorrow this did bring to me ;

George. I see the scar, my lord, 'tis he.

Count. Schoolmaster, you're confused, art pale.

Switchem (throws himself on his knees).
My lord, forgive me, no avail
Were all my words ; I strove in vain
To get him to come back again.

Henry. 'Twas not his fault, my lord, but mine.
I ran away myself, a sign
Of wilfulness and bad intent.

Count. Rise up, rise up, your kindly bent ;
I recognise—nay, I would kneel
To you, did I do all I feel
I ought, for all your kindly care
Of this poor boy. Name your reward,
My gratitude wealth shall afford.
This is my brother's only son.

(All are astonished.)

Come to my heart, my long lost one.

(Embraces HENRY.)

Switchem. My eyes are dim with joyful tears.

Marg. My conscience plagues with dreadful fears.
My lord, forgive ; had I but known,
Some greater kindness I'd have shown.

Dun. If I'd a known who he'd have been,
I never would have run him in.
O yes ! O yes ! O yes ! O yes !
This Beadle's in a pretty mess.

Count. If by design this had been brought,
No better end could have been wrought.
Accept my thanks for this fair fête.

Switchem. My lord, I'm proud your will to wait.

(To HENRY, bowing.)

My noble sir,

Henry. Dear father, no,
Speak as before, not stiffly so.
I'm just the same, to you at least.
Of noble birth I am, they say,
My right to rank has never ceased,
But no one knew it till this day.

George. My lord, my cup of joy is full.

(Embraces HENRY.)

Count. Let's now within the castle go,
Your history I long to know.
Your rights shall be maintained, and more,
My wealth in time shall swell your store.
To mark this day, I call you all,
To feast now spread in ancient hall.
Each one of Henry's friends, his guest.

Henry. I ask you all, and leave the rest.
Uncle, awhile I'd be alone,
With these good folks I'll come anon.
Dear father, dear mother, forgive me, your
boy,
For all the sad trouble, the pain, and annoy.
Poor Henry will leave you,
Rich Henry remains,
Nor slighting deceive you
For all your good pains.
Your future rest shall be my care,
Nought shall you lack while I've to spare.
The neighbour's cat, whose blood I spilt,
I'll have well stuffed, and cased with gilt.
His early death has been my rise,
As has been proved to my surprise.
No malice can I bear for that,
For if I had not killed the cat,
Our Beadle had not run me in,
And had I never been in run,
I might have wandered till the sun
Had sunk on me in woe for ever,
Therefore the cat forget we never.

(No. 9. CHORUS.)

Now raise all your voices in joy and in song,
Hurrah for our Henry and may he live long,
Be praised the change in his happy fate,
Be praised the power restoring his state ;
To Him in high heaven, all glory be given,
Sorrow He sendeth, sadness allays,
And leads to His fold every lambkin that strays.

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POOR HENRY.

Nº 1. CHORUS.

Jos. Rheinberger.

Allegro non troppo $\text{♩} = 112$

Curtain rises. Switchem with the school children, boys and girls, practising the Song of Welcome.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes in a descending pattern, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Allegro non troppo' with a quarter note equal to 112 beats per minute. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

The first system of the chorus features three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts enter with the lyrics 'Hail his no-ble lordship hail!' followed by 'Hail his no-ble lordship'. The piano accompaniment provides a rhythmic and harmonic foundation for the vocal lines.

The second system of the chorus continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal parts repeat the phrase 'hail! Hail him, Hail him, Hail!' with a long note at the end. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic rhythmic pattern.

mf

Home-ward he from far sets sail, All his friends de-

mf

Home-ward he from far sets sail, All his friends de-

mf

Home-ward he from far sets sail, All his friends de-

p

- light - ing; Wel - come thoughts sur - - round his name, Wel - come songs our

- light - ing; Wel - come thoughts sur - - round his name, Wel - come songs our

- light - ing; Wel - come thoughts sur - - round his name, Wel - come songs our

f

tongues pro - claim, Wel - come thoughts sur - - round his name, Wel - come songs our

tongues pro - claim, Wel - come thoughts sur - - round his name, Wel - come songs our

tongues pro - claim, Wel - come thoughts sur - - round his name, Wel - come songs our

ff

lips proclaim Heart and voice u - - nit - ing,

lips proclaim Heart and voice u - - nit - ing,

lips proclaim Heart and voice u - - nit - ing,

Heart and voice u - nit - ing, Hail him, Hail him, Hail!

Heart and voice u - nit - ing, Hail him, Hail him, Hail!

Heart and voice u - nit - ing, Hail him, Hail him, Hail!

Switch. (stopping chorus) You mustn't yell the "Hail" like that, etc. We'll start now from the pause again.

p very softly

Wel - come thoughts sur - round his name, Wel - come songs our

Wel - come thoughts sur - round his name, Wel - come songs our

Wel - come thoughts sur - round his name, Wel - come songs our

Switch. That's very tame.

Bawling.

SWITCH. singing alone.

Welcome thoughts surround his name

Switch. Stop, stop, try again.

Welcome thoughts surround his name.

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, some with accents. The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex bass line in the left hand.

CHORUS.

from the commencement.

ff CODA after the sign ⊕*ff* Heart and voice u - - nit - ing Haill*ff* Heart and voice u - - nit - ing Haill*ff* Heart and voice u - - nit - ing Haill

The chorus section features three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are marked with *ff* and contain the lyrics "Heart and voice u - - nit - ing Haill". The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff and features a complex, rhythmic pattern with many beamed notes and rests.

Haill Haill Haill Haill Haill

Haill Haill Haill Haill Haill

Haill Haill Haill Haill Haill

The final part of the chorus features three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves contain the word "Haill" repeated five times. The piano accompaniment continues with a complex, rhythmic pattern, ending with a final chord.

Henry. Mind how you chant the chorus neatly,
When I sing of the mouse who was trapped completely.

NO 2. SONG AND CHORUS.

Allegretto parlano.

HENRY. GIRLS.

Verses I. II.

HENRY.

Once there was a
Hard - ly had the
And the lit - tle

mous - y, Wand - 'ring at his ease, Saw a lit - - tle
mous - y, Time to taste the cheese, When up closed the
mous - y, Clev - er lit - - tle boy, From the lit - - tle

hous - y, In which hung some cheese, Mous - y smelt the tempt - ing bait,
hous - y, Mak - ing his blood freeze, Close con - fined he bit and tore,
hous - y, Crept out full of joy, From which comes the prov - erb sage,

Sweet and rich and nice, And for joy no more did wait,
 With his lit - tle might, Till his teeth a hole did bore,

They who dan - ger scout, Like the mous - y in the cage,

Terzett (girls.)

Popp'd in in a trice, And for joy no more did wait,
 Thro' the pris - on tight, Till his teeth a hole did bore,

Bite them - selves well out, Like the mous - y in the cage,

Popp'd in in a trice.
 Thro' the pris - on tight.

Bite them - selves well out.

Henry. To her I e'er shall be a stranger.

Nº 3. AIR.

HENRY.

Expressive ♩ = 72.

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of D major. It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The melody begins with a half note D, followed by a quarter note E, and then a half note F#. The bass line starts with a half note D, followed by a quarter note E, and then a half note F#. The introduction concludes with a final chord of D major.

HENRY.

The first line of the song is in 3/4 time, key of D major. The vocal melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are: "I must leave you seeking yonder, All the love to me deny, My poor heart with sorrow weighted, Longing yearns that home to". The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and a melody in the right hand that follows the vocal line.

The second line of the song is in 3/4 time, key of D major. The vocal melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are: "nied, Thro' the wide world let me wander, Finding peace for which I've find, Let me go, for me 'tis fated, Never rest or peace of". The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and a melody in the right hand that follows the vocal line.

sighed
mind

O'er the far - - - off pur - ple
Let me go, for on the

mf *p*

moun - tains, I may seek my home once more, Where the trees and flow'rs and
mor - row, All my grief re-new'd will start, Par - don fa - - - ther dear my

foun - tains, Love and peace and hope re - store; Love — and peace and hope re -
sor - row. Swells and breaks my lad - en heart, Swells and breaks my lad - en

sf *sf*

- store.
heart.

Switchem. His tender loving trustful heart.

Nº 4. DUET.

BERTIE AND SWITCHEM.

Allegretto scherzando. ♩ = 80.

Piano introduction for the duet. The music is in 6/8 time, marked 'Allegretto scherzando' with a tempo of 80 beats per minute. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody with slurs and accents, marked with *f* and *sf*. The bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment with slurs and accents, marked with *f* and *sf*. There are two asterisks (*) in the bass staff, one under the first measure and one under the third measure.

BERTIE.

Vocal entry for Bertie. The music is in 6/8 time. The vocal line is in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The vocal line starts with a rest, then enters with the lyrics 'Am I not a Dress'd so neat so'. The piano accompaniment has a rhythmic pattern with slurs and accents, marked with *pp* and *p*. There are two asterisks (*) in the bass staff, one under the first measure and one under the third measure.

Vocal entry for Switchem. The music is in 6/8 time. The vocal line is in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The vocal line starts with a rest, then enters with the lyrics 'pret - ty boy, Dad - dy's pet and mam - my's joy, Straight as dart and round as pip - pin, spick and span, Like a lit - tle gen - tle - man, I cantalk like book so learn - ed,'. The piano accompaniment has a rhythmic pattern with slurs and accents, marked with *pp*. There are two asterisks (*) in the bass staff, one under the first measure and one under the third measure.

Sweet as sug - ar, fat as drip - pin', Chat - ty as a par - o - quet, Am I not a
Rhymes and verse I've nice - ly turn - ed, Head and hands I know to use, I'm a duck so

cresc.

f

pret - ty pet, a pret - ty pet. Vain as an - y
neat and spruce, so neat and spruce. Yes, you are a

SWITCHEM aside.

f

mar - mos - et, as an - y mar - mos - et, a mar - mos - et.
duck or goose, you are a lit - tle goose, a lit - tle goose.

Presto $\text{♩} = 92$.

BERTIE.

And my mother's 'shrill tones soft - en, When she calls me sug - - ar cane,

p legg: stacc:

SWITCHEM.

Cane with - out the sug - ar oft - en Might his

self con - ceit re - - strain, Might his self con - ceit re - -

BERTIE.

- strain. And my mo - ther's shrill tones soft - en, When she calls me sug - ar cane.

SWITCHEM.

Cane with - out the sug - ar oft - en Might his self con -

BERTIE.

When she calls me sug - ar cane, When she calls me sug - ar

SWITCHEM.

- ceit re - strain Might his self con - ceit re - strain.

cane, When she calls me sug - ar cane,

Cane with out the sug - ar oft - en, Cane with - out the sug - ar

When she calls me sug - ar cane.

often Might his self con - ceit re - strain.

Switchem. Which power the greater, most will grow.

Nº 5. TERZETT.

NEIGHBOUR. MARGARET. SWITCHEM.

Allegro agitato. $\text{♩} = 144$.

Piano introduction in D major, 2/4 time. The music is marked *p* (piano) and features a driving, agitated rhythm. The right hand plays a series of eighth-note patterns, while the left hand provides a steady bass line. The introduction concludes with a crescendo leading into the first vocal entry.

NEIGHB.

First vocal entry by the Neighbour. The melody is in D major, 2/4 time. The lyrics are: "Think good master what's been done, Out of breath the way I've". The music is marked *f* (forte) and features a driving, agitated rhythm. The right hand plays a series of eighth-note patterns, while the left hand provides a steady bass line. The introduction concludes with a crescendo leading into the first vocal entry.

SWITCH.

NEIGHB.

Second vocal entry by the Neighbour. The melody is in D major, 2/4 time. The lyrics are: "run. Gracious! is your husband dead? Oh! my grief will turn my". The music is marked *pp* (pianissimo) and features a driving, agitated rhythm. The right hand plays a series of eighth-note patterns, while the left hand provides a steady bass line. The introduction concludes with a crescendo leading into the first vocal entry.

SWITCH.

CRASC.

head! Have your child - ren smash'd their bones, Or the house blown down a heap of

scen

do

NEIGHBOUR crying.

stones? Dear me I can't think it true

*f marc.**dim.**pp*

SWITCH.

MARGARET.

Pale her face of ghastly hue! What's the noise, why this cry? Tell me tell me quick re -

f

NEIGHB.

ply!

I want ven-geance, ven - geance burning,

*dim.**pp*

f SWITCH.

Ven - geance on the mur - d'rous hand! For why are you this way turning, for why, for

ff *p*

NEIGHB. *Recit.*

why? That re - venge you may com - mand. Your boy

marc.

Hen - ry, that wicked monster has, O deed with - out a like - ness, Kill'd and mur - der'd.

p

NEIGHB. *p*

GIVE your word the rogue to pun - ish. Know then

MARG. *p*

Kill'd and mur - der'd. We a - gree the rogue to pun - ish.

SWITCH.

Kill'd and mur - der'd. We a - gree the rogue to pun - ish.

pp *pp*

ff

that my dear old tab-by, Gen-tle, play-ful as a bab-by, Has been slain in man-ner

pp *ff*

shab-by.

SWITCH.

So you come with face so flab-by, Burst-ing like with rage to

pp

NEIGHB.

All a joke? a joke?

MARG.

All a joke? a joke?

choke, Take my word 'tis all a joke.

f

Allegro vivo $\text{♩} = 96$

NEIGHB.

MARG.

NEIGHB.

O the poor dear tab-by kit-ten, O the poor dear tab-by kit-ten, O the poor dear tab-by

kit-ten. *dolce.* Ah! he was so good and

SWITCH.

Laugh-ing will my sides be split-ten.

pleas-ing, friend-ly play-ful used his jaws. Laugh-ing will my sides be

SWITCH.

cresc.

split-ten. Sau-cy child-ren left their teas-ing, When they felt his gen-tle

NEIGHB. *dolce.*

p

SWITCH. *marc.* NEIGHB.

claws. Laughing will my sides be split. ten. O the poor dear tab-by kit - ten.

MARG.

O the poor dear tab-by kit - ten.

Allegretto vivo ♩ = 120. NEIGHB.

MARG.

Yes, Yes,

Yes, Yes, vengeance for vengeance she's thirst - ing

ff

vengeance, for vengeance I'm thirst - ing ven - geance, ven - geance, for ven - geance I

ff

ven - geance ven - geance, for ven - geance I

NEIGHB.

burn. —

SWITCH. (aside.)

Ahl he

burn. — Hal with laughter I'm burst - ing, As with an - ger and rage they are spent. —

NEIGH B. (dolefully.)

was so good and pleas - ing, friend - ly, play - ful used his jaws.

MARG.

friend - ly, play - ful used his jaws.

SWITCH.

Hal with laughter I'm burst - ing, as with

Sau - cy child - ren left their teas - ing, When they felt his gen - tle

When they felt his gen - tle

an - ger and rage they are spent. — full of an - ger full of

claws. Yes, for vengeance for vengeance, we're burn - ing.

claws. Yes, for vengeance for vengeance, we're burn - ing.

rage. See with an - ger and rage they are

Yes, for vengeance, for vengeance we're burning. Vengeance,

Yes, for vengeance, for vengeance we're burning.

spent. See with anger and rage they are spent.

NEIGHB.
vengeance, yes vengeance dire.

MARG.
Venge-ance, venge-ance, for vengeance burn -

NEIGHB.
Vengeance vengeance, vengeance, Jus_tice on him I am bent,

MARG.
-ing, Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Jus_tice on him I am bent, Vengeance

SWITCH.
And I'm laugh_ing, laugh_ing, laugh_ing, as with anger and rage they are spent. Hal I'm

Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Justice on him I am bent. Oh! the poor dear tab-by
 vengeance, vengeance, Justice on him I am bent.
 laugh_ing, laugh_ing, laugh_ing, as with anger and rage they are spent.

Andante.
 kit_ten. *ritard.* Friendly play_ful so well
 Oh! the poor, dear tab-by kit_ten. Ah! he was so good and pleasing.
 Oh! the poor, dear tab-by kit_ten.

Allegro.
 bred. Venge - - ance, venge - - ance, venge - - ance!
 Venge - - ance, venge - - ance, venge - - ance!
 I split my sides with laughing, I split my sides with laughing, hal hal

NEIGHB.

MARG.

Certain-ly.

Certain-ly.

Joy

now wi-thers

DUND. (to Women) [^]

Call you that nothing

DUND.

NEIGHB.

DUND.

MARG.

All to shivers.

Dreadful dis-as-ter!

Poor dear master!

Where did't

shivers?

By

the riv-er.

What's that? the riv-er?

Close by the riv-er.

SWITCH.

DUND.

And the fes-tiv-al you know

Might have been be-gun in

NEIGHB.

O tid - ings dis - may - ing and fright - ful,

The fates are for ev - er so

MARG.

O tid - ings dis - may - ing and fright - ful,

The fates are for ev - er so

SWITCH.

O tid - ings dis - may - ing and fright - ful,

The fates are for ev - er so

DUND.

woc. O tid - ings dis - may - ing and fright - ful,

The fates are for ev - er so

p

spite - ful,

And if in this fear - ful dis - as - ter,

He'd fall'n we no

spite - ful,

And if in this fear - ful dis - as - ter,

He'd fall'n we no

spite - ful,

And if in this fear - ful dis - as - ter,

He'd fall'n we no

spite - ful,

And if in this fear - ful dis - as - ter,

He'd fall'n we no

more should had mas - ter

more should had mas - ter.

more should had mas - ter. Fast do mis -

more should had mas - ter. How fast do mis - fortunes crowd a - pace.

Fast do mis - fortunes crowd a - pace. But thank

How fast do mis - fortunes crowd a - pace. But thank

- fortunes crowd a - pace. But thank

But thank

heav'n we shall see his face, But thank heav'n we shall see his

heav'n we shall see his face, But thank heav'n we shall see his

heav'n we shall see his face, But thank heav'n we shall see his

heav'n we shall see his face, But thank heav'n we shall see his

face. Thank heav'n!

face. Thank heav'n!

face. Thank heav'n!

face. Thank heav'n!

Dund. Where is my book? (The neighbour brings him back.)

Nº 7. DUET.

NEIGHBOUR AND DUNDERHEAD.

Moderato. ♩ = 104

NEIGHB.

DUND.

Bead - ie let me claim ass - is - tance. Now good

NEIGHB.

cous - in what's the row. My poor cat with - out re - sis - tance, Hen - ry mur - der'd ev - en

DUND.

now. Your poor pus - sy? how a - larm - ing, fam - ous mous - er, Play - ful,

(writes)

charm - ing? "Tom cat kill'd of rare good breed - ing"

NEIGHB.

DUND. Just now. (writes) ^ ^ ^ ^ ^

When wast? "Tomcat rare good breed - ing, just now."

marc.

By the gate. (writes) ^ ^ ^ ^ ^

Where wast? "rare good breed ing, just now by the gate?"

marc.

Tru - ly, tru - ly. (writes.)

Was the cat a tab - by grey? "Just now by the gate, a tab by

marc.

Henry. I cant say.

grey?" Name the miscreant, name the rascal. What else?

f

Allegro. $\text{♩} = 132$.

p *cresc.* *f*

DUND.

He is sure to be a rascal, Having neither home nor name,

p *dim.* *pp*

He is sure to be a rascal, Having neither home nor name, But I'll find him nev - er

p *dim.*

fear me, Him I'll seize if he comes near me,

p *pp*

Him I'll seize if he comes near me, And I'll stop his lit - tle

p *ff*

ff

game, I'm the ma - jes - ty of law.

ff (stately)

And I'll stop his lit - tle game, I'm the ma - jes - ty of

NEIGHB.

Bead - le strong the boy of sin, fol - low, fol - low, run him in, run him in, run

law. I'm the Bead - le strong and grim fol - low, fol - low, run him in, run him in, run

p *cresc.*

him in, Bead - le strong the boy of sin, fol - low, fol - low, run him in, fol - low,

p *cresc.*

him in, I'm the Bead - le strong and grim, fol - low, fol - low, run him in, fol - low,

cresc. *sf* *sf*

fol - low run him in, *f* O run him in, Bead - le strong, the boy of sin, fol - low,

fol - low run him in, I'll run him in, I'm the Bead - le strong and grim, fol - low,

ff *fp*

fol - low, run him in, run him in, run him in. *f* O

fol - low, run him in, run him in, run him in. I'll

f

run him in. *f* O run him in, run him in, run him in, run him

run him in. I'll run him in, run him in, run him in, run him

f

in.

in.

ff

COUNT. Hear your voice in song.

Nº 8. AIR.

HENRY.

Mournfully.

HENRY.
p espress.

1. In all the world so wear - y, As far as eye can
2. The stream from moun.tain swell - ing, Flows laugh - - ing to the

see, Through clouds and darkness drear - y, I know not where to
main, I know no home no dwell - ing, Where rest will ease my

flee. From where budssweet are
pain. The birds in flocks so

blow - ing, Where sun - - shinegilds the sky, To where the stars are
glad - ly, Fly hap - - pi - ly on high, I wan - - der, wan - der

(sadly)
glow - ing, Lone-ly am I, Lone - ly am
sad - ly, Lone-ly am I, Lone - ly am

I.
I.

HENRY. Therefore the cat forget we never.

Nº 9. FINALE.

CHORUS.

Allegro molto. $\text{♩} = 104.$

SOPRANO I.

sempre f

SOPRANO II.

sempre f

Now raise all your

ALTO.

sempre f

Now raise all your

Now raise all your

marc.

voi - ces In joy and in song, Hur - rah for our Hen - ry, And may he live

voi - ces In joy and in song, Hur - rah for our Hen - ry, And may he live

voi - ces In joy and in song, Hur - rah for our Hen - ry, And may he live

long.

Be

long. Be prais - ed the change In his hap - py fate, Be

long. Be prais - ed the change In his hap - py fate, Be

prais - ed the pow'r, re - stor - ing his state. To Him in high heav - en All glor - y be

prais - ed the pow'r, re - stor - ing his state.

prais - ed the pow'r, re - stor - ing his state.

giv - en. Sor - row He

To Him in high heav - en All glor - y be giv'n. Sor - row He

To Him in high heav - en All glor - y be giv'n. Sor - row He

send - eth, Sad - ness He lays, And leads to His' fold Ev'ry lamb - kin that

send - eth, Sad - ness He lays, And leads to His' fold Ev'ry lamb - kin that

send - eth, Sad - ness He lays, And leads to His' fold Ev'ry lamb - kin that

strays. *f* Sor-row He send-eth, *ff* Sad-ness He lays, And leads to His

strays. *f* Sor-row He send-eth, *ff* Sad-ness He lays, And leads to His

strays. *f* Sor-row He send-eth, *ff* Sad-ness He lays, And leads to His

fold Ev-'ry lamb-kin that strays, And leads to His fold Ev-'ry lamb-kin that

fold Ev-'ry lamb-kin that strays, And leads to His fold Ev-'ry lamb-kin that

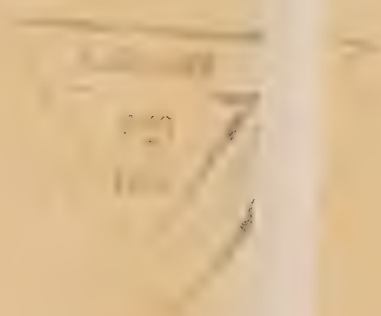
fold Ev-'ry lamb-kin that strays, And leads to His fold Ev-'ry lamb-kin that

strays, And He leads, He leads to His fold Each lamb-kin that strays. *ff*

strays, And He leads, He leads to His fold Each lamb-kin that strays. *ff*

strays, And He leads, He leads to His fold Each lamb-kin that strays. *ff*

marc.



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